



LAUGHING SONG.

FROM AUBER'S MANON LESCAUT.

My story, yes, c'est AMOUREUSE,
And more, 'tis not quite FABULEUSE ;
But of a Gallant bold, ah, ah, ah !
This gentle COMMISSAIRE, so grand,
Was call'd severe, throughout the land ;
Yet, truth's not always told, ah, ah, ah !
He lov'd a Lady fair, ah, ah !
Yet, oft would he despair, ah, ah !
For, she on him look'd cold, ah, ah, ah !
Now, would you wish that I the name
Of this Leander, great in name,
Should quickly let you know ?
Well, as it will amuse you,
I cannot refuse you :
But speak it low, quite low ;
No, no ; I dare not tell you, no ! Ia, la, la, &c.

The scene of this love-story,
A City great, whose glory
Is in their Magistrates, ah, ah, ah !
'Tis for its lanterns noted,
Which, tho' to light were voted,
Refused to shine, at fêtes, ah, ah, ah !
To the Lady's door, one night, ah, ah !
He came without a light, ah, ah !
And there, he, trembling, waits, ah, ah, ah !
The staircase it was dark and steep :
No shadow o'er his nose did creep ;
He fell ! oh, what a blow !
And, as it will amuse you,
His name I'll not refuse you ;
But speak it low, quite low :
No, no ; I dare not tell you, no ! Ia, la, la, &c.

Our gallant Commissary,
Then, quickly towards by there, he,
With steps, unwilling goes, ah, ah, ah !
A Diogenes thou art :
Take thy lantern and depart,
Lest thou should meet with blows, ah, ah, ah !
But when he gains the light, ah, ah !
On what a pleasing sight, ah, ah !
To gaze upon that nose, ah, ah, ah !
For, none could look upon that face,
Where nought is seen but queer grimace ;
And think of love, ah, no !
So, now, as 'twill amuse you,
His name I can't refuse you ;
But speak it low, quite low :
Yet, no, I dare not tell you, no ! Ia, la, la, &c.

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